

Title: EXPEDITION JOURNAL

Author:

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## BOOK II

Day Seventeen... It's been about four days since Salem received the fatal blow, and some strange events have happened. Three children entered the camp before midnight, claiming to be childhood friends of his. When she saw them, Iane let out a fearsome scream and collapsed, and the little strangers made a hasty retreat into the night. How could children be childhood friends of a man in his late thirties?

Day Eighteen... This morning around breakfast, Iane explained that the childhood companions were only illusions that Salem used to create to entertain himself, and if the illusions still existed, then Salem must still be alive. We will seek advice when we return to Tenebrae.

Day Nineteen... After a rugged day of travel yesterday, we all expected a much needed and well deserved rest in Tenebrae, but it was not to be. As soon as the door to our leased cabin was opened, those three children were lurking about inside. Still they pleaded for us to rescue Salem, and we had decided to let them stay with us and investigate their claims in the morning. The

fact that they knew our destination before we did unnerves me to no end. There was no sleep to be had with the mournful gaze of the oldest child (who calls himself Collin) watching me all night.

Day Twenty... Today we went on a wild chase with the fire brigade as they attempted to douse several fires that started simultaneously around Tenebrae when a shower of flaming stones rained from the sky. Ianes skirts caught fire, and she raised quite a stir when she lept into the Tempest's fountain to douse them, and discovered it was stocked with snapping eels!

Day Twenty-One... We have spent the day on the road, following the directions of Collin. He has offered no information about Salem's condition other than he needs help. After what I saw happen to him, there is no way he could be alive. What kind of help does a dead person need? I guess we will find out tomorrow.

Day Twenty-Two... The black shadow of the keep still falls over us as the sun rises on the other side. The silence and cold here is not natural, and Warwick is convinced we are being watched from the twisted spires. I am going to carry my speaking stone into the place, and it will recognize Salem without error.